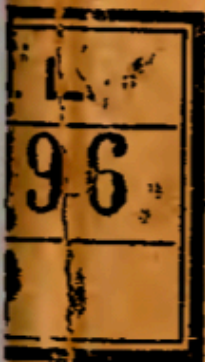


35 SONNETS

35 POEMS



“In order to learn we must attend: in order to profit by what we have learnt, we must think—i.e. reflect. He only thinks who reflects.”

PUBLISHERS DETAILS

*Samual Taylor Coleridge
(1884) Aids to reflection*

**REMAIN UNBIASED AND CURIOS
TO KNOW WHAT IS UNIVERSALLY
AND ETERNALLY TRUE: WITH THE
NECESSARY CHANGES HAVING
BEING MADE YOU WILL KNOW
THE TEARS OF THINGS AND THAT
LOVE IS THE ESSENCE OF LIFE.**

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS LTD.
WILMSLOW



2022

35 POEMS

**THE POET - POEMS INSPIRED BY 35 SONNETS
OF FERNANDO PESSOA: LIFE THROUGH THE
MUSING OF THE SCIENTIST POET**

By

DAVID SCANLON

THE FOOLISH POET PRESS

35 SONNETS

BY

FERNANDO PESSOA

LISBON

. . . 1918

ALSO BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE POET, THE PRISONER & THE FOOL
POETRY FOR BUSINESS: FIRED BY PASSION
POETRY FOR BUSINESS: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS
SPEAK OF LOVE: CONTINUING CONVERSATIONS
LOVE WILL SET YOU FREE
THE POETRY OF LIFE: SEEING AGAIN
STAYING CONNECTED
TIMELESS TRUTHS
LOCKED DOWN WITH LOVES FREEDOM
THE ARIEL POEMS - AN ECHO

TRANSLATIONS BY THE SAME AUTHOR

POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO (VOLUME 1) - FERNANDO PESSOA
POEMS OF ALBERTO CAEIRO (VOLUME 2) - FERNANDO PESSOA
THE KEEPER OF FLOCKS - ALBERTO CAEIRO
NEEHAR - MAHADEVI VARMA (TRANSLATED WITH PARUL SINGHAL)
COLLECTED POEMS - NEW TRANSLATIONS





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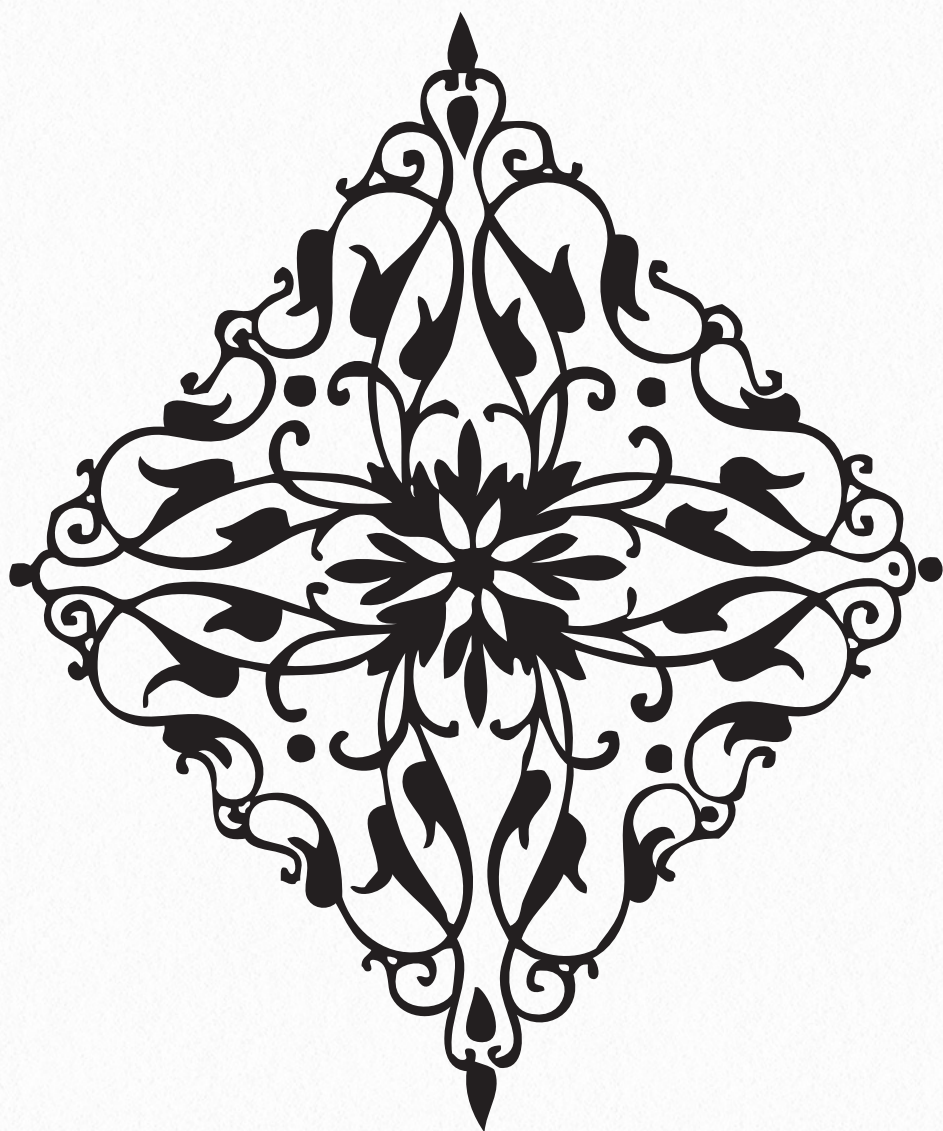
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1	SEEING THE INFINITE	<u>1</u>
2	I POUR IN MY BEING	<u>3</u>
3	WHAT VALUE ARE POETS?	<u>5</u>
4	SHE MASTERS ME	<u>7</u>
5	IT ALWAYS LIES BETWEEN US	<u>9</u>
6	CHOOSE ALWAYS TO SING	<u>11</u>
7	I AM MOVED	<u>13</u>
8	THE CLARITY OF US	<u>15</u>
9	POWER AND PRAYER	<u>17</u>
10	DO NOT BE DECEIVED	<u>19</u>
11	LET FEARS SAIL AWAY	<u>21</u>
12	VISIBLE MYSTERIES	<u>23</u>
13	WHY DO I WASTE THIS TIME?	<u>25</u>
14	BORN AGAIN	<u>27</u>
15	YOU WERE THERE: BY MY SIDE	<u>29</u>
16	PRESERVING JOY	<u>31</u>
17	HUMAN - ALL TOO HUMAN!	<u>33</u>
18	TO MUCH WORK: NOT ENOUGH TIME	<u>35</u>



19	FRIENDSHIP MAKES US WHOLE	<u>37</u>
20	WHAT DRIVES US MAKES US	<u>39</u>
21	MANY VOICES	<u>41</u>
22	IN WORDS ASCENDING	<u>43</u>
23	SHE HOLDS US TIGHT	<u>45</u>
24	BORN IN THE STARS	<u>47</u>
25	WHO OWNS THE FUTURE?	<u>49</u>
26	A MIND PERPLEXT	<u>51</u>
27	TIDES-TIME	<u>53</u>
28	OH GREAT FRIENDS	<u>55</u>
29	POETIC SLEUTHS	<u>57</u>
30	WHERE YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN (LISTENING WITH FRIENDS)	<u>59</u>
31	LOVING CONSCIOUSNESS	<u>61</u>
32	LIVING AND PLAYING	<u>63</u>
33	POETIC CAPABILITIES	<u>65</u>
34	SEEING LOVES STAR	<u>67</u>
35	FIND IN THE SILENCE	<u>69</u>

FOR FERNANDO PESSOA & CLARE

WHO HELPED ME TO SEE!

THE BOOK OF LOVE

**TELL ME OF YOU,
OF WHAT YOUR HEART DESIRES?**

**MY HEART IS WITH YOU,
SO HOLD IT, IT IS ALL LIFE REQUIRES?**

**JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE (1819) TRANS-
LATED FROM POEM BUCH DER LIEBE IN WEST-ÖST-
LICHER DIVAN. COTTA: STUTTGART.**

POEMS

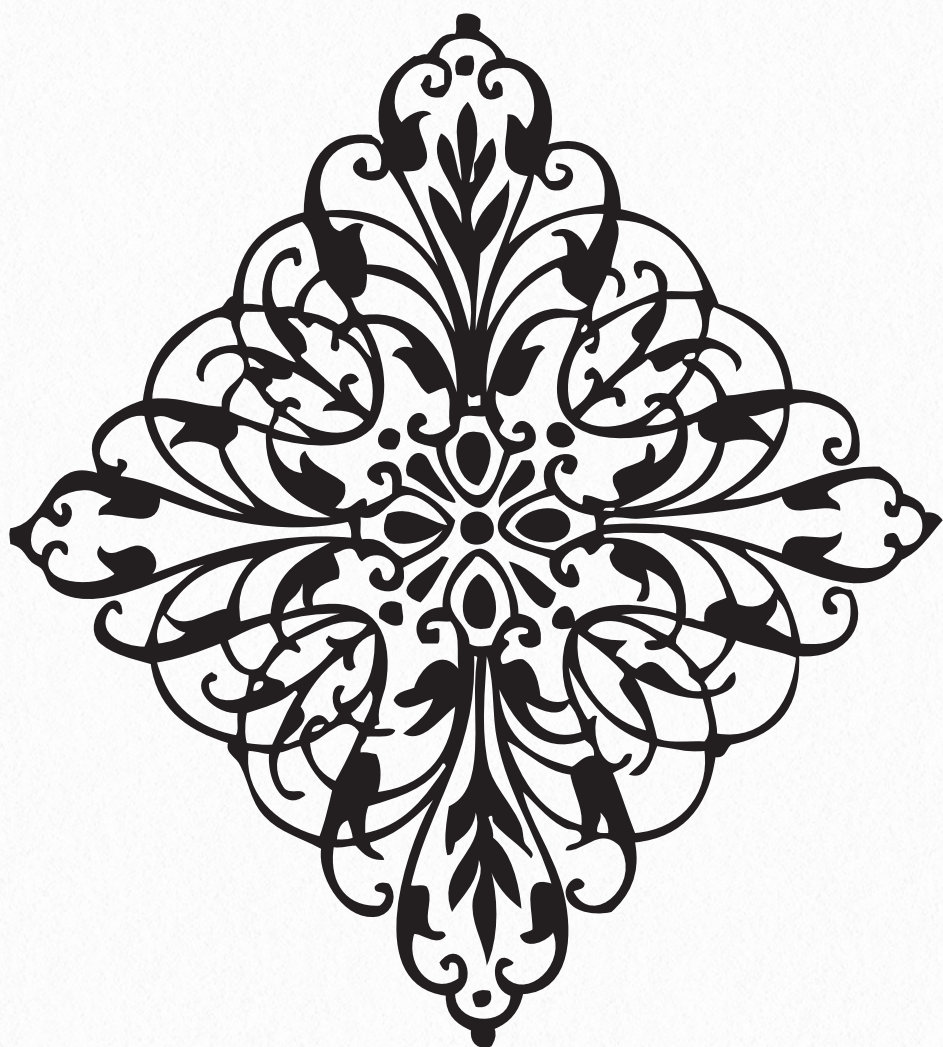
“We are the music makers, And we are the dreamers of dreams.”

*Arthur O’Shaughessy
(1874) Music and Moonlight.*

RERUM NOVARUM CUPIDUM SCIRE
SUB SPECIE AETERNITATIS: MUTATIS
MUTANDIS SCIES LACRIMAE RERUM
ET AMOR EST VITAE ESSENTIA.

David Scanlon: Lives in Cheshire with his family and friends. Working independently, formerly for ArisGlobal and AstraZeneca, he has devoted his working life to discovering and delivering medicines for patients

in need of new treatments. In his day-to-day activities he finds inspiration to write poetry. This collection was written with love for a poet and muse who inspired this poet.



SEEING THE INFINITE

*“Whether we write or speak or do but look
We are ever unapparent. What we are
Cannot be transfused into word or book.
Our soul from us is infinitely far.”*

I honour you, in these my simple words,
Which speak with the timeless touch of you;
You who spoke to me of these, our ways:
 I was lost, desolate, and in a moment,
 In a moment, I saw through your eyes,
 I saw that, which I had always been.

I thank you, in these my simple words,
For the unknowableness of that moment,
Which awoke in me these ours ways:
 I am found, liberated, and in moments,
 In all moments, I see through your eyes,
 I see that, which has always been.

I know you, in these my simple words,
Yet can never find the words for moments,
When alive in the lovingness of our ways:
 I am a poet, trying again, in each moment,
 Being in moments, seeing through our eyes,
 Seeing that which has always been.



I.

*Whether we write or speak or do but look
We are ever unapparent. What we are
Cannot be transfused into word or book.
Our soul from us is infinitely far.
However much we give our thoughts the will
To be our soul and gesture it abroad,
Our hearts are incommunicable still.
In what we show ourselves we are ignored.
The abyss from soul to soul cannot be bridged
By any skill of thought or trick of seeming.
Unto our very selves we are abridged
When we would utter to our thought our being.
We are our dreams of ourselves, souls by gleams,
And each to each other dreams of others' dreams.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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I POUR IN MY BEING

*“Haply Truth's body is no eyable being,
Appearance even as appearance lies,
Haply our close, dark, vague, warm sense of seeing
Is the choked vision of blindfolded eyes.”*

I just pour in my being, my curious eyes,
And breathe; accepting without knowing,
Without fully escaping the darkness,
And yet the light still shines;
The songs still find my voice.
Blindness enfolded with essence!

I just pour in my essence, my feeble voice,
And speak; loving without being loved,
Without fully appearing in the light,
And so yes, the dark still burns;
In seeing I will find my choice.
Freedom unfolded with presence!

I just pour in my presence, my curious eyes,
And breathe; praising with a new faith,
Truth from within the darkness and light,
Where the music of songs sing;
The words I choose find their way,
Vagueness enfolded in senescence!



II.

*If that apparent part of life's delight
Our tingled flesh-sense circumscribes were seen
By aught save reflex and co-carnal sight,
Joy, flesh and life might prove but a gross screen.
Haply Truth's body is no eyable being,
Appearance even as appearance lies,
Haply our close, dark, vague, warm sense of seeing
Is the choked vision of blindfolded eyes.
Wherefrom what comes to thought's sense of life? Nought.
All is either the irrational world we see
Or some aught-else whose being-unknown doth rot
Its use for our thought's use. Whence taketh me
A qualm-like ache of life, a body-deep
Soul-hate of what we seek and what we weep.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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WHAT VALUE ARE POETS?

*“When I do think my meanest line shall be
More in Time's use than my creating whole,
That future eyes more clearly shall feel me
In this inked page than in my direct soul”*

“I hate poetry; what value are poets?”
What do they add of economic values?
Why do they speak with unusual hues?
We know of others who passed this way;
We feel each day the mysteries that sway,
Yet know our words will in futures play!

What harm do loving words of poets do?
“I love poesie; the value that poets make”
“I adore their courage and risks they take.”
We know that more will pass this way,
Feeling each day as the mysteries sway
And find her words in a moments play!

“I love poetry; the values the poets make”
Why do I feel this way as they speak of,
Not the economics but just of our love!
We feel moments within this, our way;
We know nothingness, in which we sway
So now our words from history play!



III.

*When I do think my meanest line shall be
More in Time's use than my creating whole,
That future eyes more clearly shall feel me
In this inked page than in my direct soul;
When I conjecture put to make me seeing
Good readers of me in some aftertime,
Thankful to some idea of my being
That doth not even my with gone true soul rime;
An anger at the essence of the world,
That makes this thus, or thinkable this-wise,
Takes my soul by the throat and makes it hurled
In nightly horrors of despaired surmise,
And I become the mere sense of a rage
That lacks the very words whose waste might 'suage.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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SHE MASTERS ME

*"I knew not how to feel, nor what to be
Towards thy fate's material secrecy."*

As we walk across our valley, light dimming,
There, before us, stands all we call our fate;
Fantasies of words, images we want to know -
 We live as though the destinations are clear,
 Which can overwhelm and then master us,
 Leaving no space to enjoy each moment.

And then we stop, look back at the path taken,
There, before us, is revealed all we call our life;
Reminiscences in images, words we once knew -
 We live as though our history is all we are,
 Which can overwhelm and then master us,
 Leaving no space to live in each moment.

And then I stop, timeless, experiencing mystery,
Here, within me, is the not knowingness of love;
The reality of life, a wordless silent presence -
 I live now each moment as the only reality,
 No longer overwhelmed as she masters me,
 Creating the space to enjoy each moment.



IV.

*I could not think of thee as piecèd rot,
Yet such thou wert, for thou hadst been long dead;
Yet thou liv'dst entire in my seeing thought
And what thou wert in me had never fled.
Nay, I had fixed the moments of thy beauty —
Thy ebbing smile, thy kiss's readiness,
And memory had taught my heart the duty
To know thee ever at that deathlessness.
But when I came where thou wert laid, and saw
The natural flowers ignoring thee sans blame,
And the encroaching grass, with casual flaw,
Framing the stone to age where was thy name,
I knew not how to feel, nor what to be
Towards thy fate's material secrecy.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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IT ALWAYS LIES BETWEEN US

*“How can I think, or edge my thoughts to action,
When the miserly press of each day's need
Aches to a narrowness of spilled distraction
My soul appalled at the world's work's time-greed?”*

The meaning always lies between us,
Never in us, always moving; an elusive us -
Yet we think of meaning in greedy works-time:
 The rational sending and receiving;
 Emotionally influencing and controlling
 All the important endeavours we define!

The thinking meaning lies within us,
Never an us, often habitual; a static us -
I feel and see meaning in silent poets-time:
 The irrational sending and receiving;
 Emotionally joy-full-filled and loving
 All the important friendships it defines!

The reconciliation always lies between us,
Never in us, always moving; an elusive us -
So I join greedy works-time with poets-time:
 The emotional sending and receiving;
 The rational and irrational at peace
 In all the important endeavours I define!



V.

*How can I think, or edge my thoughts to action,
When the miserly press of each day's need
Aches to a narrowness of spilled distraction
My soul appalled at the world's work's time-greed?
How can I pause my thoughts upon the task
My soul was born to think that it must do
When every moment has a thought to ask
To fit the immediate craving of its cue?
The coin I'd heap for marrying my Muse
And build our home i'th' greater Time-to-be
Becomes dissolved by needs of each day's use
And I feel beggared of infinity,
Like a true-Christian sinner, each day flesh-driven
By his own act to forfeit his wished heaven.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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CHOOSE ALWAYS TO SING

*"I study how to love or how to hate,
Estranged by consciousness from sentiment,
With a thought feeling forced to be sedate
Even when the feeling's nature is violent;"*

Oh to be able to move beyond our hate,
Accept it as ours, yet shaped beyond us,
Moving us towards the words we choose:

I choose, now, each day to sing,
Drifting songs, divine soliloquies,
From beyond, to show the way!

Oh to be able to move beyond our love,
Accept it as ours, yet shaped beyond us,
Moving us towards the words we choose:

So choose, now, to speak anew,
Solving wrongs before earth dies,
From within, we show the way!

Oh to be able to accept hate and love,
Being beyond ours, shaped beyond in we,
Moved from within I choose new words:

I choose, now, each day to sing,
Drifting songs, divine soliloquies,
From beyond, to show the way!



VI.

*As a bad orator, badly o'er-book-skilled,
Doth overflow his purpose with made heat,
And, like a clock, winds with withoutness willed
What should have been an inner instinct's feat;
Or as a prose-wit, harshly poet turned,
Lacking the subtler music in his measure,
With useless care labours but to be spurned,
Courting in alien speech the Muse's pleasure;
I study how to love or how to hate,
Estranged by consciousness from sentiment,
With a thought feeling forced to be sedate
Even when the feeling's nature is violent;
As who would learn to swim without the river,
When nearest to the trick, as far as ever.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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I AM MOVED

*“Thy words are torture to me, that scarce grieve thee —
That entire death shall null my entire thought;
And I feel torture, not that I believe thee,
But that I cannot disbelieve thee not.”*

So many moments, creating so many words,
So little time to capture our fleeting dance;
Each moment dies as the next is revealed:
 You, you who cannot be known,
 You once tortured me too, faithless,
 Forlorn and yet drawn I was moved.

So many moments, creating so much love,
So little time to wallow in our fleeing dance;
In time we too die as the next is revealed:
 You, you who are eternally known,
 You now travel with me too, faith-filled,
 Forgiving and drawn I am moved.

So many moments, creating so many words,
Eternal time captures our fleeting dances;
Each moment lives as the next is revealed;
 I, I who can no longer unknow,
 I now travel with you, in belief,
 Blossoming and drawn I move.



VII.

*Thy words are torture to me, that scarce grieve thee —
That entire death shall null my entire thought;
And I feel torture, not that I believe thee,
But that I cannot disbelieve thee not.
Shall that of me that now contains the stars
Be by the very contained stars survived?
Thus were Fate all unjust. Yet what truth bars
An all unjust Fate's truth from being believed?
Conjecture cannot fit to the seen world
A garment of its thought untorn or covering,
Or with its stuffed garb forge an otherworld
Without itself its dead deceit discovering;
So, all being possible, an idle thought may
Less idle thoughts, self-known no truer, dismay.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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THE CLARITY OF US

*“How many masks wear we, and undermasks,
Upon our countenance of soul, and when,
If for self-sport the soul itself unmask,
Knows it the last mask off and the face plain?”*

In our flowering garden of cloudy wishes,
Dancing to eternal tunes that lie between,
Our masks fall away, one by one by one;
 In the unravelling is a revealing of
 In the uncertainties is a hope of
 Seeing just once the clarity of us.

So I keep planting flowers in cloudy skies,
Nurtured by eternal tunes that lie beyond,
My masks falling away, one by one by one:
 In the revealing is an unravelling of ...
 In the hope is the uncertainty of ...
 Knowing just once the clarity of her.

As our flowers bloom in cloudless skies,
Dancing to the eternal tunes of moments,
Our masks fall away, one by one by one;
 In the unravelling and revealing of love;
 In the uncertainties is the hope of faith;
 Seeing is knowing with the clarity of us.



VIII.

*How many masks wear we, and undermasks,
Upon our countenance of soul, and when,
If for self-sport the soul itself unmask,
Knows it the last mask off and the face plain?
The true mask feels no inside to the mask
But looks out of the mask by co-masked eyes.
Whatever consciousness begins the task
The task's accepted use to sleepness ties.
Like a child frightened by its mirrored faces,
Our souls, that children are, being thought-losing,
Foist otherness upon their seen grimaces
And get a whole world on their forgot causing;
And, when a thought would unmask our soul's masking,
Itself goes not unmasked to the unmasking.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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POWER AND PRAYER

*“Like someone sinking in a treacherous sand,
Each gesture to deliver sinks the more;
The struggle avails not, and to raise no hand,
Though but more slowly useless, we've no power.
Hence live I the dead life each day doth bring,
Repurposed for next day's repurposing.”*

Powerless and powerful keep distance,
Creating their own languages of despair,
Never quite finding the fresh love-filled air!
Oh to respect more in daily ways,
Without the vacuumous gulf today;
For this let me, in my words pray!

We together create treacherous sands,
Creating our own languages of despair,
Often finding in ease the hate-filled air!
Oh to dissect more our daily ways,
Accept the vacuumous gulf today;
Then find in us, new words to play!

So let us together bridge those voids;
From within our languages of despair
Let us find, in us, faith in all earths air!
So I now respect our daily ways,
Accept her vacuumous gulf today;
Then find in her, new ways to play!



IX.

*Oh to be idle loving idleness!
But I am idle all in hate of me;
Ever in action's dream, in the false stress
Of purposed action never act to be.
Like a fierce beast self-penned in a bait-lair,
My will to act binds with excess my action,
Not-acting coils the thought with raged despair,
And acting rage doth paint despair distraction.
Like someone sinking in a treacherous sand,
Each gesture to deliver sinks the more;
The struggle avails not, and to raise no hand,
Though but more slowly useless, we've no power.
Hence live I the dead life each day doth bring,
Repurposed for next day's repurposing.*

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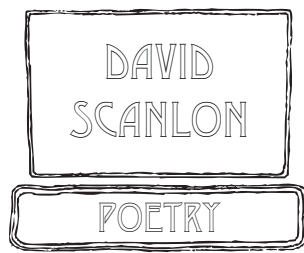
DO NOT BE DECEIVED

*“Thus with deceit I detain the heart
Of which deceit's self knows itself a part.”*

What is the figuration of these, our ways,
And what is the ground upon which we walk?
For between these ways lays all our deceit:
 Within wall-makers and destroyers;
 Within those living in those who died;
 Within all our I-ness without we-ness!

What is the figuration of these, our ways,
And what is the ground upon which we walk?
For between these ways lays all our conflicts;
 Between birth-givers and receivers;
 Between those yet to live and the lived;
 Between our communities and our I-ness!

What is this figuration in these, her ways,
And is this her ground upon which we walk?
For between these ways and her ways is love.
 Within friendship-makers and takers,
 Within those respecting all who will live;
 Within all our I-ness and her her-ness!



X.

*As to a child, I talked my heart asleep
With empty promise of the coming day,
And it slept rather for my words made sleep
Than from a thought of what their sense did say.
For did it care for sense, would it not wake
And question closer to the morrow's pleasure?
Would it not edge nearer my words, to take
The promise in the meting of its measure?
So, if it slept, 'twas that it cared but for
The present sleepy use of promised joy,
Thanking the fruit but for the forecome flower
Which the less active senses best enjoy.
Thus with deceit I detain the heart
Of which deceit's self knows itself a part.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

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LET FEARS SAIL AWAY

*“Like to a ship that storms urge on its course,
By its own trials our soul is surer made.
The very things that make the voyage worse
Do make it better; its peril is its aid.
And, as the storm drives from the storm, our heart
Within the peril disimperilled grows;”*

I watched, from a distance, as you sailed away,
Wondering where, in wandering, you might fare,
Accepting my powerlessness with all your care:
 Another tattoo, of travel, stains my skin;
 Another battle, given up, so we both win;
 Another fear untangled from ropes within!

You're moved, in the distance, as you sailed away,
Wondering where, in wandering, I might fare,
Accepting your powerlessness with all my care:
 Another tattoo, of travel, stains your skin;
 Another battle, given up, so we both win;
 Another fear untangled from ropes within!

Watch and move, then listen the waves away,
Wandering where, in wondering, we might fare,
Accepting our powerlessness, with all our care:
 Another storm, of our heart, stains within;
 Another smile, given up, from wrinkled skin;
 Another fear disimperilled, as we both win!



XI.

*Like to a ship that storms urge on its course,
By its own trials our soul is surer made.
The very things that make the voyage worse
Do make it better; its peril is its aid.
And, as the storm drives from the storm, our heart
Within the peril disimperilled grows;
A port is near the more from port we part —
The port whereto our driven direction goes.
If we reap knowledge to cross-profit, this
From storms we learn, when the storm's height doth drive —
That the black presence of its violence is
The pushing promise of near far blue skies.
Learn we but how to have the pilot-skill,
And the storm's very might shall mate our will.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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VISIBLE MYSTERIES

*“So I upon the world turn round in thought,
And nothing viewing do no courage take,
But my more terror, from no seen cause got,
To that felt corporate emptiness forsake,
And draw my sense of mystery's horror from
Seeing no mystery's mystery alone.”*

Oh calming voice, you, echoing over time,
With this, my inner presence, I feel at one
As though, as though you and I are one;
What mysteries are these we weave,
Word-loomed workhorses of the night,
Everyday workers, invisible by day, as..

As the other voices, we, build in our time,
With, my learned thoughts, I act as one
As though, as though you and I are one;
What activities are these we weave,
Action-loomed workhorses of the day,
Everyday poets, invisible by day, as...

Timeless voices, you, give courage time!
With, all of my being, I feel and act as one
As though, as though you and I are one;
What mysterious words I now weave,
A life-loomed workhorse of my life,
Everyday-man, visible day and night!



XII.

*As the lone, frightened user of a night-road
Suddenly turns round, nothing to detect,
Yet on his fear's sense keepeth still the load
Of that brink-nothing he doth but suspect;
And the cold terror moves to him more near
Of something that from nothing casts a spell,
That, when he moves, to fright more is not there,
And's only visible when invisible:
So I upon the world turn round in thought,
And nothing viewing do no courage take,
But my more terror, from no seen cause got,
To that felt corporate emptiness forsake,
And draw my sense of mystery's horror from
Seeing no mystery's mystery alone.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

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WHY DO I WASTE THIS TIME?

*“When I should be asleep to mine own voice
In telling thee how much thy love's my dream,
I find me listening to myself, the noise
Of my words othered in my hearing them.
Yet wonder not: this is the poet's soul.”*

You ask me “why do I waste this time?”
Writing words, when they flow, propelled
From, I know not where and yet know,
 Know now, they were always there,
 From the moment my eyes first opened;
 There in that word-free moment of love.

I say to you “all poets waste this time”
Finding words, when they flow, escaping
To, I know not where and yet know,
 Know now, we are always there,
 In that moment in time, eyes opened,
 In that, now word-filled, moment of love.

You ask me “what is this poet's time?”
It is finding love, when it flows, propelling
Us to, I know not where and yet know,
 Know now, she is always here and there,
 From the moment our eyes first open;
 Here is the time-free silence of love.



XIII.

*When I should be asleep to mine own voice
In telling thee how much thy love's my dream,
I find me listening to myself, the noise
Of my words othered in my hearing them.
Yet wonder not: this is the poet's soul.
I could not tell thee well of how I love,
Loved I not less by knowing it, were all
My self my love and no thought love to prove.
What consciousness makes more by consciousness,
It makes less, for it makes it less itself.
My sense of love could not my love rich-dress
Did it not for it spend love's own love-pelf.*

*Poet's love's this (as in these words I prove thee):
I love my love for thee more than I love thee.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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BORN AGAIN

*"We are born at sunset and we die ere morn,
And the whole darkness of the world we know,
How can we guess its truth, to darkness born,
The obscure consequence of absent glow?
So, out of light's love wishing it night's stretch,
A nightly thought of day we darkly reach."*

In that first ever moment, born in your eyes flow,
Bright without words, remains my absent glow,
Stretched across the dark chasms I now know:
For it is our words we shape and create;
For it is our words, learned, we remain,
Forever beyond that first ever love.

Snatches and snippets emerge of that first flow,
Brimming with words, replete in an eternal glow,
Striving across the nightly horror, so you know:
For it in our words we fear and destroy;
For it in our words, hidden, we emerge
Forever beyond that first ever hate.

In the revisiting moments, born in her eyes flow,
Bright without words, I regain the absent glow,
Startled out of darkness to once again know:
For it is these words I am shaped and create;
For it is her words, learned, I emerge
Beyond and within my hate and love.



XIV.

*We are born at sunset and we die ere morn,
And the whole darkness of the world we know,
How can we guess its truth, to darkness born,
The obscure consequence of absent glow?
Only the stars do teach us light. We grasp
Their scattered smallnesses with thoughts that stray,
And, though their eyes look through night's complete mask,
Yet they speak not the features of the day.
Why should these small denials of the whole
More than the black whole the pleased eyes attract?
Why what it calls «worth» does the captive soul
Add to the small and from the large detract?
So, out of light's love wishing it night's stretch,
A nightly thought of day we darkly reach.*

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YOU WERE THERE: BY MY SIDE

*"I look with inner eyes afraid to look,
Yet perplexed into looking, at the worth
This verse may have and wonder, of my book,
To what thoughts shall't in alien hearts give birth."*

I know the value of these words,
As pleasure is as pleasure does;
And joy-filled, am I, in this time;
 The looking and the seeing;
 The hearing and the listening;
 Lovers and friends by my side.

I know the eternal value of words,
As pleasure is as pleasure does;
As joy-filled, am I, in other times;
 The reading and the crying;
 The laughing and the living;
 Lovers and friends by my side.

I know not your value in our words,
As pleasure is as pleasure does;
So joy-filled, be you, in this time;
 The remembering of friends;
 The living of examined lives;
 Lovers and friends by your side.



XV.

*Like a bad suitor desperate and trembling
From the mixed sense of being not loved and loving,
Who with feared longing half would know, dissembling
With what he'd wish proved what he fears soon proving,
I look with inner eyes afraid to look,
Yet perplexed into looking, at the worth
This verse may have and wonder, of my book,
To what thoughts shall't in alien hearts give birth.
But, as he who doth love, and, loving, hopes,
Yet, hoping, fears, fears to put proof to proof,
And in his mind for possible proofs gropes,
Delaying tue true proof, lest the real thing scoff,
I daily live, i'th' fame I dream to see,
But by my thought of others' thought of me.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

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PRESERVING JOY

*“Yet joy was joy when it enjoyed was
And after-enjoyed when as joy recalled,
It must have been joy ere its joy did pass
And, recalled, joy still, since its being-past galled.
Alas! All this is useless, for joy's in
Enjoying, not in thinking of enjoying.”*

When attached to the attachments of life,
The trinkets and trifles that distract days,
Satisfaction is distant, as delivery dulls;
 In the anticipation of the thing, is
 The searching, the arriving, and then
 In the moment, purchased, absence.

When I attach to the moments of life,
The tender tensions that attract my ways,
Joyfulness is present, as delivery dawns;
 In the appreciation of living, is
 The meaning, the movement, and then
 In the moment, preserved, presence.

When attracted to the attachments of life,
The trinkets and trifles that distract days,
Perseverance is preferred, if delivering joy;
 In the anticipation of our living, is
 The searching, the arriving, and then
 In the moment, preserved, memory.



XVI.

*We never joy enjoy to that full point
Regret doth wish joy had enjoyed been,
Nor have the strength regret to disappoint
Recalling not past joy's thought, but its mien.
Yet joy was joy when it enjoyed was
And after-enjoyed when as joy recalled,
It must have been joy ere its joy did pass
And, recalled, joy still, since its being-past galled.
Alas! All this is useless, for joy's in
Enjoying, not in thinking of enjoying.
Its mere thought-mirroring gainst itself doth sin,
By mere reflecting solid life destroying.
Yet the more thought we take to thought to prove
It must not think, doth further from joy move.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

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HUMAN - ALL TOO HUMAN!

*“My love, and not I, is the egoist.
My love for thee loves itself more than thee;
Ay, more than me, in whom it doth exist,
And makes me live that it may feed on me.
And if 'tis possible to Thought to bear this fruit,
Why should it not be possible to Truth?”*

We echo our message through the ages!
In each age, we need to find words anew,
To speak of the unbearableness of purity;
For we are human too, and fail,
And fail again to speak of love,
That only truth - bearer of fruit!

In speaking words, is it ego disguised, again?
Blinding this foolish poet within a dream,
That isn't really the unbearableness of purity;
Purity is the will, to will one thing,
And that thing is to speak of love,
That only truth - bearer of life!

So, echo poet, friend, with me now today!
In this moment, with these, my ego's words,
Speaking of her unbearableness of purity;
For we too are human, and yet hail,
And hail again with this voice of love,
The truth - we're human, all too human!



XVII.

*My love, and not I, is the egoist.
My love for thee loves itself more than thee;
Ay, more than me, in whom it doth exist,
And makes me live that it may feed on me.
In the country of bridges the bridge is
More real than the shores it doth unsever;
So in our world, all of Relation, this
Is true — that truer is Love than either lover.
This thought therefore comes lightly to Doubt's door —
If we, seeing substance of this world, are not
Mere Intervals, God's Absence and no more,
Hollows in real Consciousness and Thought.
And if 'tis possible to Thought to bear this fruit,
Why should it not be possible to Truth?*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

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TO MUCH WORK: NOT ENOUGH TIME

*“Indefinite space, which, by co-substance night,
In one black mystery two void mysteries blends;
The stray stars, whose innumerable light
Repeats one mystery till conjecture ends;
The prayer of my wonder looketh past
The universal darkness lone and vast.”*

I have now, in me, many jobs,
Many minds and too little time,
To reveal the mystery of time.
Many have tried, all failed,
To find words to transform,
The ‘i’s and the ‘we’s, which

Blind us to the mystery, the void,
So easy to avoid in our busy time,
The workings of our histories time.
So I have tried, and failed,
To find prayers to transform,
My ‘i’ and this ‘we’, within

All my work, in these, many jobs,
Many minds, I did find the time,
To unveil the mystery of my time.
Many must try, and will hail,
In the words which transform,
‘I’s into the ‘we’ness of love.



XVIII.

*Indefinite space, which, by co-substance night,
In one black mystery two void mysteries blends;
The stray stars, whose innumerable light
Repeats one mystery till conjecture ends;
The stream of time, known by birth-bursting bubbles;
The gulf of silence, empty even of nought;
Thought's high-walled maze, which the outed owner troubles
Because the string's lost and the plan forgot:
When I think on this and that here I stand,
The thinker of these thoughts, emptily wise,
Holding up to my thinking my thing-hand
And looking at it with thought-alien eyes,
The prayer of my wonder looketh past
The universal darkness lone and vast.*

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FRIENDSHIP MAKES US WHOLE

*“Let he but friend be who the soul finds fair,
But let none love outside the body's thought,
So the seen couple's togetherness shall bear
Truth to the beauty each in the other sought.”*

Let the body love, as animals love!
Let the instincts of nature and beauty
Consume you with a wordless silence:
 Beyond thought, beyond words,
 Be, in being, present to each other,
 Be a soul-present and then bear, and

Let the evil of us, the animals in us,
Let the nature of us be in their truths,
Consumed by the words of our noise:
 Within thought, within words,
 Be, in the world, present to others
 Be a human-present and bear, and

Let our togetherness befriend as us!
Let the intuition of poetry and beauty
Consume you within eternity's soul:
 Beyond your love, beyond your hate
 Be, in being, present to the unknown.
 Be one; and in bearing made whole!



XIX.

*Beauty and love let no one separate,
Whom exact Nature did to each other fit,
Giving to Beauty love as finishing fate
And to Love beauty as true colour of it.
Let he but friend be who the soul finds fair,
But let none love outside the body's thought,
So the seen couple's togetherness shall bear
Truth to the beauty each in the other sought.
I could but love thee out of mockery
Of love and thee and mine own ugliness;
Therefore thy beauty I sing and wish not thee,
Thanking the Gods I long not out of place
Lest, like a slave that for kings' robes doth long,
Obtained, shall with mere wearing do them wrong.*

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WHAT DRIVES US MAKES US

*“When in the widening circle of rebirth
To a new flesh my travelled soul shall come,
And try again the unremembered earth
With the old sadness for the immortal home”*

As I moved beyond the circle I knew,
A remembered Gyre, tightening, came
As we danced together beyond the mire:
 Fragments, in shared languages glue,
 Felt releasing and constraining too,
 Which drives those like us, so few!

In my re-birth, a new shedding of skin,
A new journey to begin, my soul came
As we laughed together, me, a new hire!
 Fragments, past and present flew,
 Futures present, caring, loving too.
 What drives those like us, so few!

What is born is really something new!
A re-remembered fire, igniting, came
As we danced together beyond the mire:
 Fragments, finding fortune in you,
 Always releasing and constraining too,
 These drives in those like us, so few!



XX.

*When in the widening circle of rebirth
To a new flesh my travelled soul shall come,
And try again the unremembered earth
With the old sadness for the immortal home,
Shall I revisit these same differing fields
And cull the old new flowers with the same sense,
That some small breath of foiled remembrance yields.
Of more age than my days in this pretence?
Shall I again regret strange faces lost
Of which the present memory is forgot
And but in unseen bulks of vagueness tossed
Out of the closed sea and black night of Thought?
Were thy face one, what sweetness will't not be.
Though by blind feeling, to remember thee!*

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MANY VOICES

*“Yet whence, except from guessed sight, does touch teach
That touch is but a close and empty sense?
How does more touch, self-uncontented, reach
For some truer sense's whole intelligence?”*

In your gentle ways and words you touched me,
Not in the physical, as you are long departed,
But with your whole eternal presence, for you:
 Speak of me - in ways I pray to find;
 Gentle Pessoa, knew of her ways too;
 For you knew of our many voices!

In your truer sense of intelligence you touch,
Touch the souls-senses with all that is sublime,
Never shirking from eternal destiny, for you:
 Spoke of us - in ways I now have found;
 Gentle Pessoa, knew of our ways too;
 For you knew of our many choices!

In your gentle ways, your seeing touched me,
Your hearing and speaking showed us all,
In our moving beyond human touch, we are we:
 I speak through thee - touched, found;
 Gentle Pessoa, I know of our ways too;
 For I know, now, of our many voices!



XXI.

*Thought was born blind, but Thought knows what is seeing.
Its careful touch, deciphering forms from shapes,
Still suggests form as aught whose proper being
Mere finding touch with erring darkness drapes.
Yet whence, except from guessed sight, does touch teach
That touch is but a close and empty sense?
How does more touch, self-uncontented, reach
For some truer sense's whole intelligence?
The thing once touched, if touch be now omitted,
Stands yet in memory real and outward known,
So the untouching memory of touch is fitted
With sense of a sense whereby far things are shown
So, by touch of untouching, wrongly aright,
Touch' thought of seeing sees not things but Sight.*

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IN WORDS ASCENDING

*"My soul is a stiff pageant, man by man,...
But when I ask what means that pageant I
And would look at it suddenly, I lose
The sense I had of seeing it, nor can try
Again to look, nor hath my memory a use
That seems recalling, save that it recalls
An emptiness of having seen those walls."*

Today I feel incomplete, broken,
With belief and trust, just a token,
Jammed within a mighty thought:
 Inserted it came to nought;
 Darkness was all it brought,
 In these words now spoken!

When failure comes without invitation
Make certain that you control irritation
So that when the learning is required:
 In her new ideas be inspired;
 Listen, you may then be hired,
 With words of her dictation!

When complete, the story ending,
Consider that without my mending
I would have drifted off to sleep
 Without a happiness so deep,
 And followed so many sheep
 Without her words ascending!



XXII.

*My soul is a stiff pageant, man by man,
Of some Egyptian art than Egypt older,
Found in some tomb whose rite no guess can scan,
Where all things else to coloured dust did moulder.
Whate'er its sense may mean, its age is twin
To that of priesthoods whose feet stood near God,
When knowledge was so great that 'twas a sin
And man's mere soul too man for its abode.
But when I ask what means that pageant I
And would look at it suddenly, I lose
The sense I had of seeing it, nor can try
Again to look, nor hath my memory a use
That seems recalling, save that it recalls
An emptiness of having seen those walls.*

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SHE HOLDS US TIGHT

*“He speaks of light that speaks of absent light,
And absent god, becoming present devil,
Is still the absent god by essence' right.*

*The withdrawn cause by being withdrawn doth get
(Being thereby cause still) the denied effect.”*

In absence is the presence, light from dark -
Pandora's paradox before us all: present -
Performing and dancing in-between us:
 The moment between is movement,
 Moving us from our fears and loves -
 Holding us tight or opening hearts!

In presence I is absent, we from I -
Freud's paradox before us all: present -
As we perform and dance in-between us:
 The movement is the moment between,
 Unmoved I remains in fears and loves -
 Holding me tight - no open heart!

In absent I we is present, beyond it all -
Sappho's paradox before us all: present -
She performs and dances in-between us:
 Her movement is the moment between,
 Moving us beyond our fears and loves -
 Holding us tight she opens our hearts!



XXIII.

*Even as upon a low and cloud-domed day,
When clouds are one cloud till the horizon.
Our thinking senses deem the sun away
And say «'tis sunless» and «there is no sun»;
And yet the very day they wrong truth by
Is of the unseen sun's effluent essence,
The very words do give themselves the lie,
The very thought of absence comes from presence:
Even so deem we through Good of what is evil.
He speaks of light that speaks of absent light,
And absent god, becoming present devil,
Is still the absent god by essence' right.*

*The withdrawn cause by being withdrawn doth get
(Being thereby cause still) the denied effect.*

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BORN IN THE STARS

*“Something in me was born before the stars
And saw the sun begin from far away....
...So the world's to me as, after whispered speech,
The cause-ignored sudden echoing of laughter.
That 't has a meaning my conjecture knows,
But that 't has meaning's all its meaning shows.”*

Was I born before the stars, eternal words
Always present beyond, leaking and seeking,
Present and drawing me beyond what is?
What are the meanings we make,
When trapped within our thoughts,
Unseeing her in echos, fraught!

I was born to see the stars, in eternal ways
Timeless presence beyond, speaking, seeking,
Presents and laughter, from being beyond:
These are the meanings we make,
Always free beyond our thoughts,
Seen in her echos, now brought!

I am born-again seeing stars, eternal words
Always present beyond, being and freeing,
Present and moving me beyond what is!
These are the meanings I take,
Always free beyond the fraught,
Hearing her echos, now taught!



XXIV.

*Something in me was born before the stars
And saw the sun begin from far away.
Our yellow, local day on its wont jars,
For it hath communed with an absolute day.
Through my Thought's night, as a worn robe's heard trail
That I have never seen, I drag this past
That saw the Possible like a dawn grow pale
On the lost night before it, mute and vast.
It dates remoter than God's birth can reach,
That had no birth but the world's coming after.
So the world's to me as, after whispered speech,
The cause-ignored sudden echoing of laughter.
That 't has a meaning my conjecture knows,
But that 't has meaning's all its meaning shows.*

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WHO OWNS THE FUTURE?

*“The doubleness of mind fails us, to glance
At our exterior presence amid things,
Sizing from otherness our countenance
And seeing our puppet will's act-acting strings.
An unknown language speaks in us, which we
Are at the words of, fronted from reality.”*

Is owning the future the value of dreamers,
Whose decisions are anchored in this deceit?
Happiness, love and care are not beyond now!
Is this future gazing a shaping of us, or
Is the dream shaping a liberation of us?
Maybe it is just the replaying of habits!

Is manipulation the cost of future dreams,
Whose decisions are anchored in this deceit?
Fear, hate and negation are not beyond now!
So this future gazing is a shaping of us, it
Is not a dream shaping a liberation of us;
It is just the replaying of powerful habits!

So, in accepting the value in this, my dream,
Whose creation is anchored in these deceptions
Love and hate are no longer within but beyond!
So this, current gazing, is the shaping of me, it
Is the dream which shapes a liberation in me;
Beyondness accepted, in acceptance of habit!



XXV.

*We are in Fate and Fate's and do but lack
Outness from soul to know ourselves its dwelling,
And do but compel Fate aside or back
By Fate's own immanence in the compelling.
We are too far in us from outward truth
To know how much we are not what we are,
And live but in the heat of error's youth,
Yet young enough its acting youth to ignore.
The doubleness of mind fails us, to glance
At our exterior presence amid things,
Sizing from otherness our countenance
And seeing our puppet will's act-acting strings.
An unknown language speaks in us, which we
Are at the words of, fronted from reality.*

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A MIND PERPLECT

*“Thought clouds our life's day-sense with strangeness, yet
Never from strangeness more than that it's strange
Doth buy our perplexed thinking, for we get
But the words' sense from words — knowledge, truth, change.
We know the world is false, not what is true.
Yet we think on, knowing we ne'er shall know.”*

My world is within the chairs and desks,
Where the fantasies we make, become so real,
As we speak of the rational things they want:
The world of silence within her trees,
From mind perplext, and a spirit free,
Seem distant as we walk, in these ways!

The world beyond our desks and chairs,
Where other fantasies we make, become so real,
As we speak of the passionate things we want:
The world of holidays within her trees,
With a mind calmed, and a spirit free,
Seem distant as we walk, in these ways!

In our world I see you, like the birds and trees,
Where the fantasies we make, are to me revealed,
So I now speak of the irrational things we need:
The world of loving, within our trees,
In a mind perplext, and a spirit free,
Seems present, as I walk, in our ways!



XXVI.

*The world is woven all of dream and error
And but one sureness in our truth may lie —
That when we hold to aught our thinking's mirror
We know it not by knowing it thereby.
For but one side of things the mirror knows,
And knows it colded from its solidness.
A double lie its truth is; what it shows
By true show's false and nowhere by true place.
Thought clouds our life's day-sense with strangeness, yet
Never from strangeness more than that it's strange
Doth buy our perplexed thinking, for we get
But the words' sense from words — knowledge, truth, change.
We know the world is false, not what is true.
Yet we think on, knowing we ne'er shall know.*

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TIDES-TIME

*“This thing Time is, whose being is having none,
The equable tyrant of our different fates,
Who could not be bought off by a shattered sun
Or tricked by new use of our careful dates.*

*This thing Time is, that to the grave will bear
My heart, sure but of it and of my fear.”*

Upon Blakeney Point I make this point,
With sea-winds and gull’s a-shantying,
Crying and slaying “the tides a-coming”:
 There is a tide coming, times-tide,
 Moving in only one direction, winds
 Lamenting cries gently moving us.

Now the gentle hum of “Just 17”, readying
Heading out to find the winds, crewed,
Sails a-ready saying “the tide is right”;
 When is the time right? tides-times
 Move with the moons motions, winds
 Caressing touch gently moving us.

The travellers come for Bishops Boats,
To see the seals just beyond the Point,
Basking and waiting “Tourists a-coming”;
 Is this life just tides-time? Tourist-time,
 Moving us together in one direction, winds
 Wishful ways gently moving us on.



XXVII.

*How yesterday is long ago! The past
Is a fixed infinite distance from to-day,
And bygone things, the first-lived as the last,
In irreparable sameness far away.
How the to-be is infinitely ever
Out of the place wherein it will be Now,
Like the seen wave yet far up in the river,
Which reaches not us, but the new-waved flow!
This thing Time is, whose being is having none,
The equable tyrant of our different fates,
Who could not be bought off by a shattered sun
Or tricked by new use of our careful dates.
This thing Time is, that to the grave will bear
My heart, sure but of it and of my fear.*

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OH GREAT FRIENDS

*"If this be to have sense, if to be awake
Be but to see this bright, great sleep of things
For the rarer potion mine own dreams I'll take
And for truth commune with imaginings,
Holding a dream too bitter, a too fair curse,
This common sleep of men, the universe."*

Oh great friends, my creative universe,
Thank we for how you shaped me, in verse:
Never did I doubt the reality of our love,
Yet in the things of desire, doubt
Was my habituation through out:
I could not see her - from above!

Oh great patterns, her creative universe,
Thank I for for how you shaped me, inverse
Was all the doubt in this reality of love,
For in the loss of desire, stout
Was my imagination though out:
I can now feel her - from above!

Oh great words, our creativity in verse,
Thank I for the shaping of our we universe;
So I never now doubt the reality of love,
Friendship found, in breaking out
Was my resignation through out:
I now listen to her - from love!



XXVIII.

*The edge of the green wave whitely doth hiss
Upon the wetted sand. I look, yet dream.
Surely reality cannot be this!
Somehow, somewhere this surely doth but seem!
The sky, the sea, this great extent disclosed
Of outward joy, this bulk of life we feel,
Is not something, but something interposed.
Only what in this is not this is real.
If this be to have sense, if to be awake
Be but to see this bright, great sleep of things
For the rarer potion mine own dreams I'll take
And for truth commune with imaginings,
Holding a dream too bitter, a too fair curse,
This common sleep of men, the universe.*

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POETIC SLEUTHS

*“My weary life, that lives unsatisfied
On the foiled off-brink of being e'er but this,
To whom the power to will hath been denied
And the will to renounce doth also miss;”*

It was once so, till the beacon shone,
Upon a far off distant shore, flickering,
Then absent again - weary life returned!

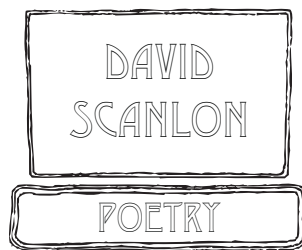
First I went upon the path, well trod,
The journey within to seek my truth;
The one that makes men so aloof!

It was the way of science, beacon-less,
Where the light upon hill was, thinking,
Light absent again - working life returned!

Then I went upon the path, less trod,
The journey without, seeking her truth;
The ones we feel within our youth!

It was the way of poetry, her beacon shone,
No longer upon a distant shore, flickering,
She is present always - joy-filled life learned!

I now love within her time, my God!
The journey continues, in eternal truths;
The ones found by the poetic sleuths!



XXIX.

*My weary life, that lives unsatisfied
On the foiled off-brink of being e'er but this,
To whom the power to will hath been denied
And the will to renounce doth also miss;
My sated life, with having nothing sated,
In the motion of moving poisèd aye,
Within its dreams from its own dreams abated —
This life let the Gods change or Lake away.
For this endless succession of empty hours,
Like deserts after deserts, voidly one,
Doth undermine the very dreaming powers
And dull even thought's active inaction,
Tainting with fore-unwilled will the dreamed act
Twice thus removed from the unobtained fact.*

Fernando Pessoa (1888 - 1935)

Fernando Pessoa (1918) 35 Sonnets. Monteiro & Co; Lisbon.

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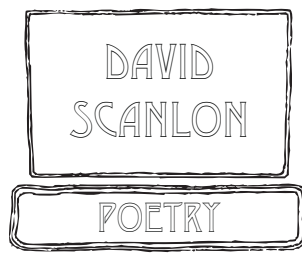
WHERE YOU HAVE ALWAYS BEEN (LISTENING WITH FRIENDS)

*“Since pain is felt as aught we should not feel
Man hath a Nature's reason for having groped,
Since Time was Time and age and grief his measures,
Towards a better shelter than Time's pleasures.”*

Eliot, Nietzsche, Pessoa, friends of mine,
You speak constantly of time, timeless time,
Time, where present time is, for you, eternal:
Time past twists and turns, tormenting;
Time future fateful with desire, fermenting;
Time present where we are always there.

So many friends of mine have spoken to me,
Speaking in ways I could not see, a non-seeing,
Sight, where the present meets eternal presence:
Seeing past twists and turns, tormenting;
Seeing futures fate-filled desire, fermenting;
Seeing presence when we are always there.

So now friends of mine who listen to me,
Hearing in the words I now speak, timeless love,
Love, where present time is, for you, eternal:
Listening to twists and turns, tormenting,
Listening for fate full of desire, fermenting;
Listening, now, where you have always been.



XXX.

*I do not know what truth the false untruth
Of this sad sense of the seen world may own,
Or if this flowered plant bears also a fruit
Unto the true reality unknown.
But as the rainbow, neither earth's nor sky's,
Stands in the dripping freshness of lulled rain,
A hope, not real yet not fancy's lies
Athwart the moment of our ceasing pain.
Somehow, since pain is felt yet felt as ill,
Hope hath a better warrant than being hoped;
Since pain is felt as aught we should not feel
Man hath a Nature's reason for having groped,
 Since Time was Time and age and grief his measures,
 Towards a better shelter than Time's pleasures.*

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LOVING CONSCIOUSNESS

*"I am older than Nature and her Time
By all the timeless age of Consciousness,
And my adult oblivion of the clime
Where I was born makes me not countryless."*

*What is age but the beating drum of time?
What is time, when it is time-less, ethereal,
Eternities time - time beyond consciousness!
In this time is love, when time slows,
In the sight of beauty and nature and..
When a friend smiles, a lover touch's.*

*When is this lightness remembered? Now!
In this time, when within me, time-less, ethereal,
Eternities words - plucked in consciousness!!
In this time is our love, when time slowed,
In the thoughts of beauty and nature and..
When I smiled of friends, of my lovers touch.*

*Let the rage of life not age you, in this our time!
Then in time, when it is time-less, ethereal,
Eternities time - let words find consciousness!
In this time is our love, when time slows,
In the sight of beauty and nature and..
When a friend smiles, a lover touch's.*



XXXI.

*I am older than Nature and her Time
By all the timeless age of Consciousness,
And my adult oblivion of the clime
Where I was born makes me not countryless.
Ay, and dim through my daylight thoughts escape
Yearnings for that land where my childhood dreamed,
Which I cannot recall in colour or shape
But haunts my hours like something that hath gleamed
And yet is not as light remembered,
Nor to the left or to the right conceived;
And all round me tastes as if life were dead
And the world made but to be disbelieved.
Thus I my hope on unknown truth lay; yet
How but by hope do I the unknown truth get?*

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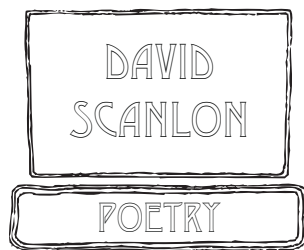
LIVING AND PLAYING

*“I am part Soul part I in all I touch —
Soul by that part I hold in common with all,
And I the spoiled part, that doth make sense such
As I can err by it and my sense mine call.”*

Oh, the I could decipher all she taught,
Find the words in me science brought,
And speak with a flourish of silent joys:
 I try and try and try again this way,
 And that way, yet she does not stay,
 She leaves me to live and to play!

Our words have no ways to speak of us,
They collapse into all this political fuss,
Speaking without her joy, in all our ploys!
 I fail and fail and fail again this way,
 And that way, as she does not stay,
 She leaves me to live in this our play!

At least I can through my soul now speak,
Finding in the poetic words, now so meek,
All our common love, all of our silent joys;
 I try and try and try again this way,
 And that way, yet she does not stay,
 But she is with me as I live and play!



XXXII.

*When I have sense of what to sense appears,
Sense is sense ere 'tis mine or mine in me is.
When I hear, Hearing, ere I do hear, hears.
When I see, before me abstract Seeing sees.
I am part Soul part I in all I touch —
Soul by that part I hold in common with all,
And I the spoiled part, that doth make sense such
As I can err by it and my sense mine call.
The rest is wondering what these thoughts may mean,
That come to explain and suddenly are gone,
Like messengers that mock the message' mien,
Explaining all but the explanation;
As if we a ciphered letter's cipher hit
And find it in an unknown language writ.*

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POETIC CAPABILITIES

*“For thinking nought does on nought being confer,
As giving not is acting not to give,
And, to the same unbribed true thought, to err
Is to find truth, though by its negative.”*

What negative capabilities are these,
Which baffle and befuddle me so, and,
Then break through without thought?
Without thought! An intuitive leap!
Unbridled from this taught sleep,
Comes the uncertainties of life's joy!

To accept, in our own imperfections,
The opportunities and the curses, and,
Then stand without thought is a truth!
Without these truths, intuitive leaps,
Do we ever awaken from our sleep,
And embrace the uncertainty of life!

What tyranny was it, I imposed on me?
The desires and needs of our world, yet,
Then I awoke, beyond thought, in love!
Without love, the great intuitive leap,
We remain an island of cursed sleep.
Freeing self in uncertainty is living!



XXXIII.

*He that goes back does, since he goes, advance,
Though he doth not advance who goeth back,
And he that seeks, though he on nothing chance
May still by words be said to find a lack.
This paradox of having, that is nought
In the world's meaning of the things it screens,
Is yet true of the substance of pure thought
And there means something by the nought it means.
For thinking nought does on nought being confer,
As giving not is acting not to give,
And, to the same unbribed true thought, to err
Is to find truth, though by its negative.
So why call this world false, if false to be
Be to be aught, and being aught Being to be?*

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SEEING LOVES STAR

*“Happy the maimed, the halt, the mad, the blind —
All who, stamped separate by curtailing birth,
Owe no duty's allegiance to mankind
Nor stand a valuing in their scheme of worth!
And men, like children, seeing the image there,
Take place for cause and make our will Fate bear.”*

Travel now on this final leg, with fools!
For foolish was I that we could prevail,
By drawing word images, to her unveil;
 With glimpses seen in my madness,
 Of us anchored in eternal sadness,
 Freed with loves present gladness!

Back now to the everyday ways, friends!
The madness, of I, could never unveil,
But I now know of her, she does prevail!
 The words keep coming in reveries,
 In the beauty and joy of her mysteries;
 I remain still free, without any destinies!

A sadness overwhelms this tired soul!
For foolish was I, yet I have prevailed,
In her word images, I am now unveiled!
 Without the burdens of all we are,
 With you, friends, we travelled far,
 We are free, when seeing loves star.



XXXIV.

*Happy the maimed, the halt, the mad, the blind —
All who, stamped separate by curtailing birth,
Owe no duty's allegiance to mankind
Nor stand a valuing in their scheme of worth!
But I, whom Fate, not Nature, did curtail,
By no exterior voidness being exempt,
Must bear accusing glances where I fail,
Fixed in the general orbit of contempt.
Fate, less than Nature in being kind to lacking,
Giving the ill, shows not as outer cause,
Making our mock-free will the mirror's backing
Which Fate's own acts as if in itself shows;
And men, like children, seeing the image there,
Take place for cause and make our will Fate bear.*

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FIND IN THE SILENCE

*“With the higher trifling let us world our wit,
Conscious that, if we do't, that was the lot
The regular stars bound us to, when they stood
Godfathers to our birth and to our blood.”*

I know the difference that I made today,
Yet, within, the daemons never go away -
They shout from the past of distant play!
These word fragments had their sway,
With patience and reflection now, today,
In silence they have all now gone away.

So now I travel into the world with a joy
Yet, within, the daemons they still toy -
Shaped from the past my skills I deploy!
With these words I make our Troy,
Impatience and action, an office boy,
Who with my noises I am not coy!

So let us know the differences in our lives
Yes, within, the daemons still carry knives -
Trying to hurt us from the past - no surprise!
Know other word fragments too survive,
Patience and reflection, take a test-drive,
Finding in the silence how to be truly alive!



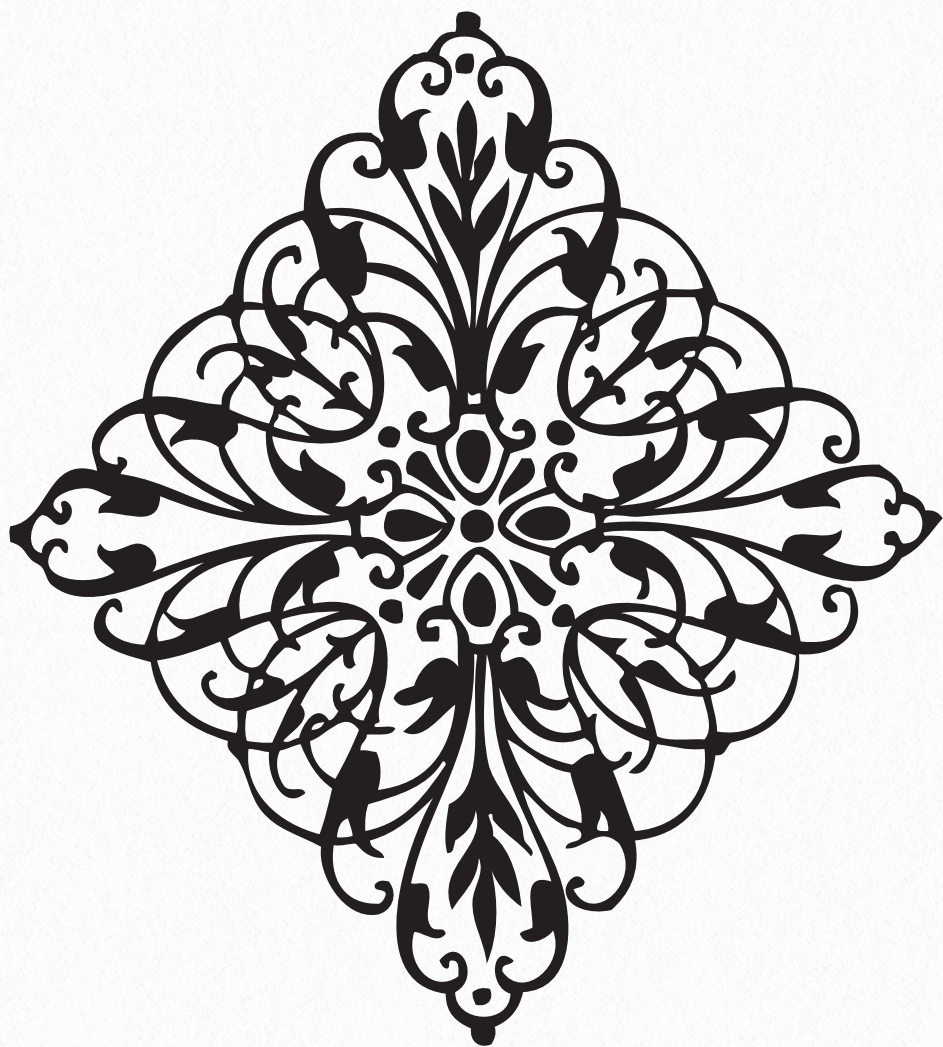
XXXV.

*Good. I have done. My heart weighs. I am sad.
The outer day, void statue of lit blue,
Is altogether outward, other, glad
At mere being not-I (so my aches construe).
I, that have failed in everything, bewail
Nothing this hour but that I have bewailed,
For in the general fate what is't to fail?
Why, fate being past for Fate, 'tis but to have failed.
Whatever hap or stop, what matters it,
Sith to the mattering our will bringeth nought?
With the higher trifling let us world our wit,
Conscious that, if we do't, that was the lot
The regular stars bound us to, when they stood
Godfathers to our birth and to our blood.*

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